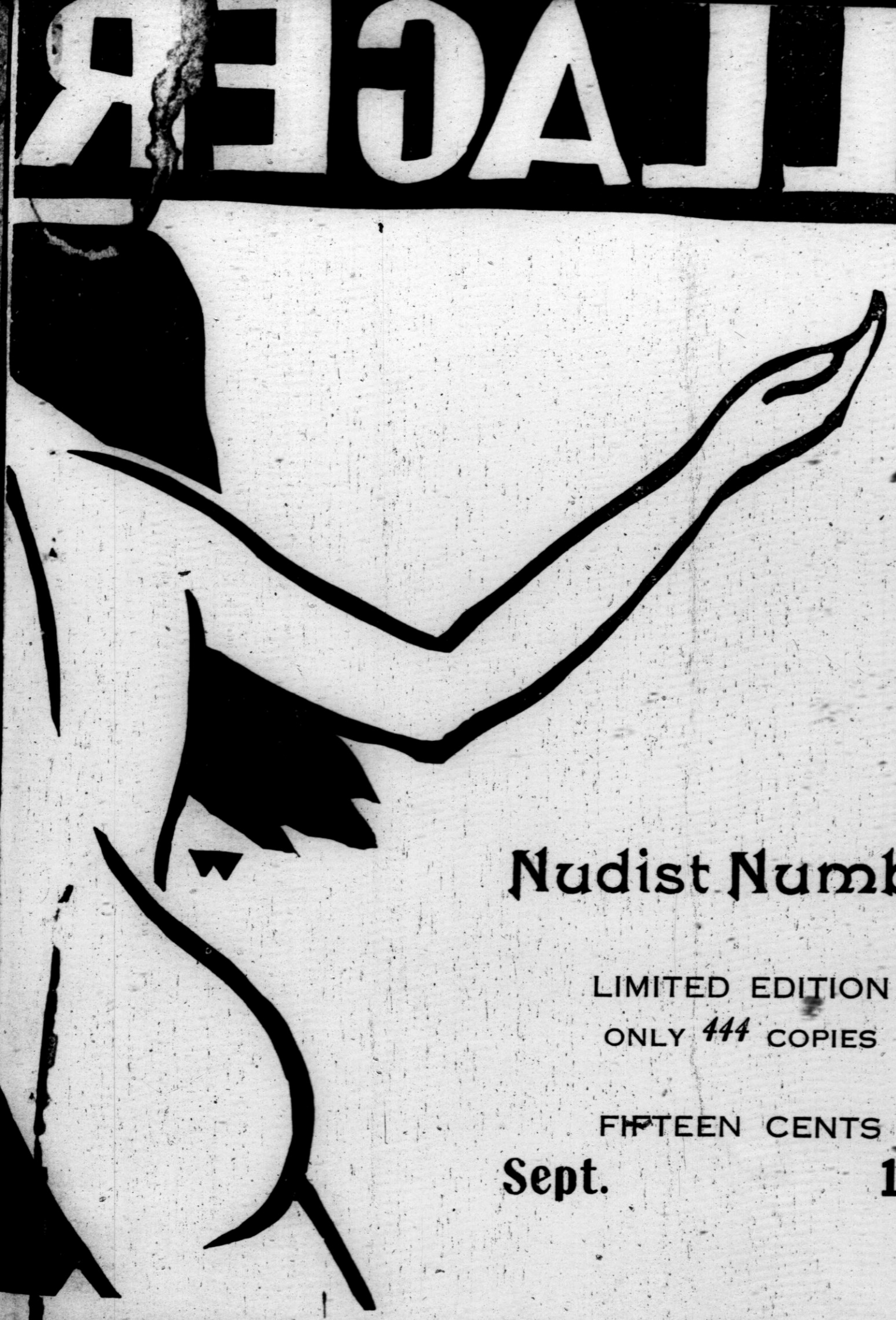
VILLAGER



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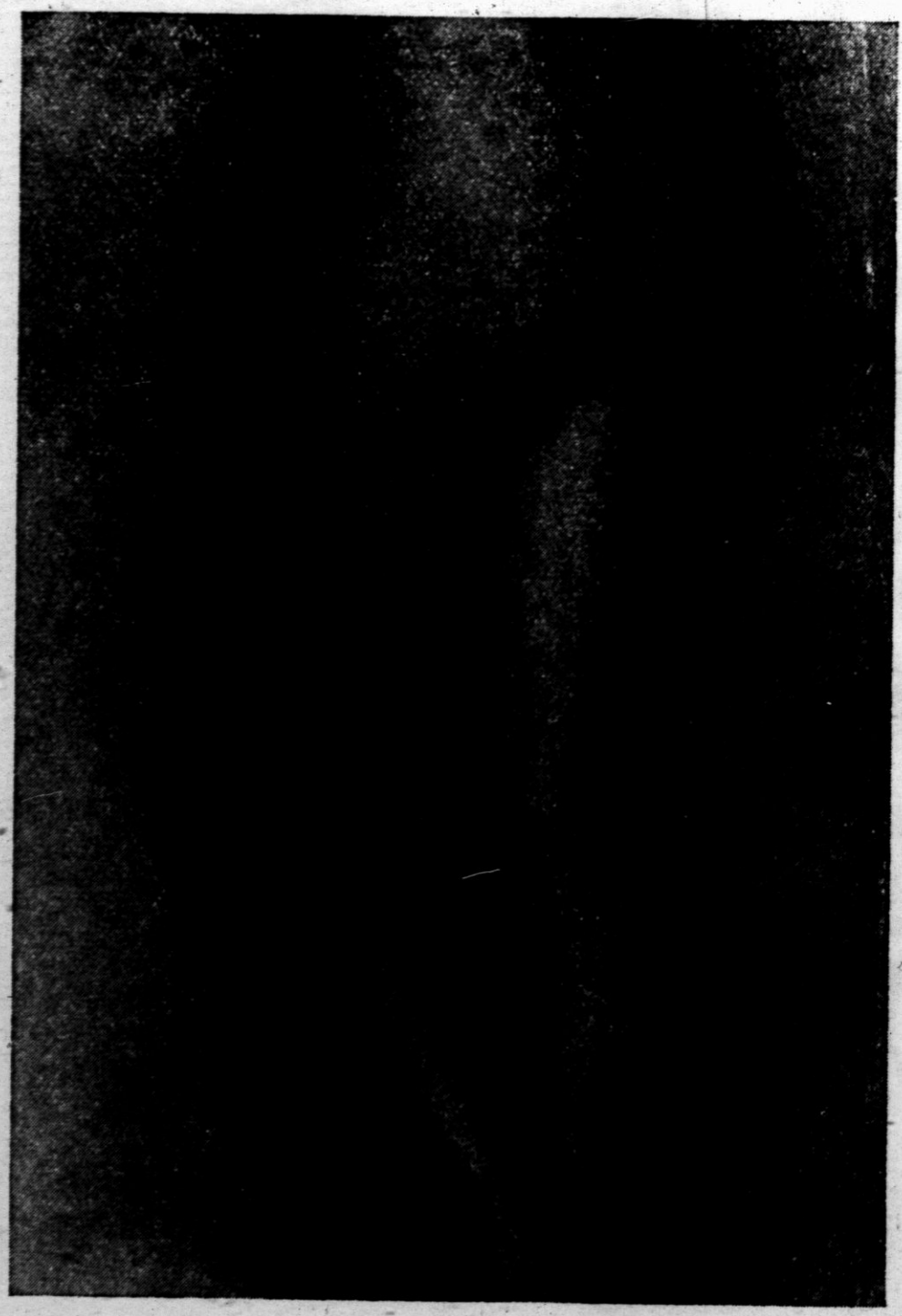
Sept. **1933**

VILLAGER



-edward weston

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EDITORIAL

The Village Press wishes at this time to call attention to Perry Newberry's excellent editorial on the N. R. A. in the big Mid-Summer number of the *Pine Cone*. Nothing that we can say will add to the truth of Perry's writing. The Village Press had every intention of entering the Printers' Association on the peninsula until we found that so far, it is a flagrant attempt to use the N. R. A. for selfish purposes. We will co-operate in every manner possible to aid business recovery, but we will not take advantage of the public and join with any corpulent gentleman's attempt to hide behind the skirts of Miss America.

This exquisite pink insert is the result of splendid co-operation on the part of the Carmel Press. Noblesse Oblige, Eugenio!

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(Originals)
With An All-Star Carmel Cast
(Tryouts to be held at The Press on Ocean Avenue)
WATCH FOR THE DATES!

THE VILLAGER . . . VOL. I NO. 3

Published in CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
POST OFFICE BOX 1343

PETER O'CROTTY, ROSS COWEN, *Editors*

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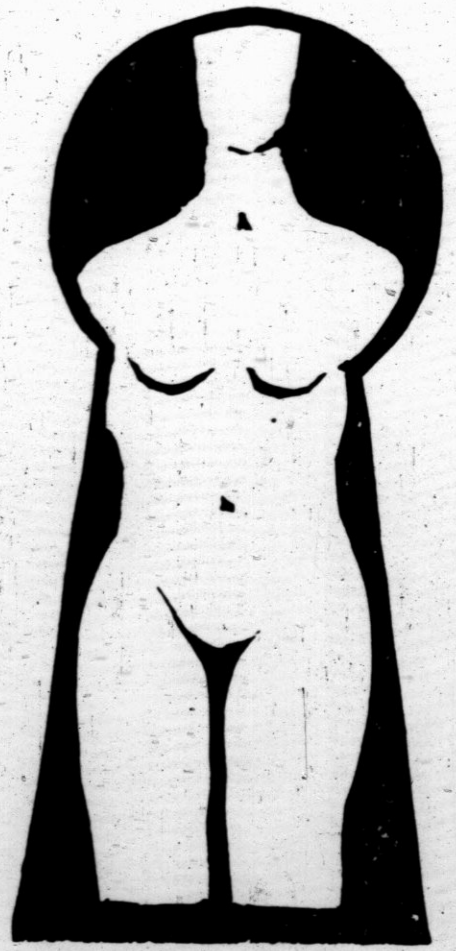

HERON QUITS

To the Editors
Carmel, California

Gentlemen:

When you asked me, earlier in the year, to be a member of your editorial board, I took it for granted that the contents of the magazine before publication would be at least subject to an expression of opinion on my part, whether that opinion was followed or not. Realizing now that a position on your board means nothing whatever—that my opinion is not only not followed, but not even asked, and that I have no means of knowing, until I see the magazine in print, just what stories, poems, articles and illustrations I am supposed to have approved—I feel that I must cease to be a member of your staff.

There is surely a genuine need for a magazine of high quality in Carmel, and your earnest striving toward filling this need, if only in part successful, merits the support of the public in whatever measure they desire to support it.

Wishing you the success you may deserve, but trusting that one of you will soon find himself elsewhere and the other of you engaged in some more lucrative form of garbage collecting and no longer involved in the hazards of publishing, I remain

Resignedly yours,

Herbert Heron

THE MOST REJECTED STORY OF THE MONTH . . .

Rejected by "The Smokehouse Monthly", "Whiz Bang", and all the other class publications

OBJECTS OF ART

A little redwood shack at the entrance of a lonely canyon on the Carmel coast was the studio of John Hampden, sculptor.

His wife, Mary, was afraid living there, but she said nothing, for she knew it was only a matter of time before John would be forced to give up his modeling of lovely little figures.

His eyes had bothered him since the war, and, being a quite unrecognized artist, he could not afford to see a specialist again.

It was late in the afternoon when John put aside his clay and started for his daily walk to the Fernandez Farm to get the two quarts of fine Jersey milk with which he paid his nine year old model, his daughter Jane.

On the way back, John felt a pain in his head, and when he sat down on the side of the road to rest, everything went black. It stayed black.

John Hampden had been a soldier for a while, and he had always been a gentleman and a philosopher. So when he went blind late that afternoon, his first thoughts were for his wife and baby. How could he return to them without his eyes to guide him? Few people used this isolated road, and even if they did, they would probably pass him by. Mary would be frightened if he was not home before dark. Little Jane needed her Jersey milk.

John put out his hand tentatively and struck a bit of cactus. He grinned and said out loud, "Well, that's a jolly bad start." Then he found a broken bit of eucalyptus stick and with that located the edges of the road. He thanked Heaven that he retained his sense of direction at least.

It was slow going, and John Hampden received many a nasty bump as he blundered along. He tried whistling to keep up his courage, but he soon found he needed all his energy to keep him on the road. He traveled a quarter of a mile in the time it ordinarily would have taken him to do the three, when a large touring car came around a bend in the road.

There were three men in the car.

Gross, evil-looking men, each with a sawed-off shot gun in his hands. They looked like killers and they were. Seeing the strange actions of the man in the road ahead of them, one of the men raised his gun. He turned to the man in the back seat.

"Mebbe it's a stall from Heinie's crowd; mebbe they're gonna ambush us around the corner. Whaddà ya say I let him have it?"

The man in the back seat was about to nod his head when he saw John Hampden stumble and fall. "Naw, I guess it's just a drunk," he said. "Heinie's gang wouldn't get up this far so quick. Pull up alongside of him, Joe, and we'll look him over."

John Hampden heard the car approaching and made for the side of the road, falling once again as he encountered the ditch.

"He's sure had plenty," remarked one of the men.

"Hey, stranger, carryin' a pretty big load, aintch?" called out the man on the back seat.

"Yes, I am," replied Hampden, as he regained his feet. "A load that's got the best of me, so far. I wonder if you fellows would give me a hand?"

"Hell, he ain't drunk," exclaimed the driver, "I tell yah it's a plant from Heinie!"

"Naw, it ain't," said the one on the back seat, "get Heinie off your mind. What's the trouble, stranger?"

"I've lost the sight of my eyes. I live about two miles down the road. Would you please give me a lift?" asked the blind sculptor.

"Sure, stranger, hop in. Open the door for him, Mike!" commanded the man on the back seat.

"Aw, gee, Butch," protested the one called Joe, "I don't like the looks of it. Mebbe it's a plant."

"Shut up and open that door, I'm runnin' this show, ain't I?" said Butch, as he helped John into the car. "Get goin', Joe, we ain't got much time. How did yah happen to be this far away from home, stranger, with no lamps to guide yerself?"

"I've just lost my 'lamps', as you call them. I knew they were going to go sometime, but I didn't think they would leave me in such an awkward place. It is very nice of you to give me this ride," said John Hampden. "I hope I am not putting you to any inconvenience?"

"Naw, 'ats all right. Say, did you ever hear of a guy named Heinie?" asked Butch, who held an automatic that Hampden could not see.

"Heinie? No, I don't believe I

know anyone of that name," said John, "but then, I don't get around very much, so I'm not very well acquainted."

"Well, you ain't missin' nothin' if you don't know Heinie," said Butch, "but I can't figure a guy takin' it so calm when he's just lost his peepers, like you say you have. I seen a guy go blind onct, and he acted just like a goil. He went nuts."

"Yes? Well, you see, I've been expecting this, so perhaps that makes it easier. My house is a little white studio by the side of the road. Will you let me out there, please?"

"Sure, we're comin' to it. Got any folks there?"

"My wife and my small daughter. I am grateful to you for picking me up. They would have been worried."

The car drew to a halt. A little girl came running out when she saw her Daddy get slowly out of the car.

"Here, stranger, lemme help yah," offered Butch. "Joe, you and Mike run the car into that clump of bushes and go in the back way. Stranger, we hate to butt in, but we gotta invite ourselves into your shack. We're bein' annoyed by a business rival."

"Why, certainly," said John Hampden, "come right in. Jane, dear, run and tell your Mother that I want to see her in the studio right away."

The little girl looked first at her father and then at the three men, then she turned and ran without a word.

"If you will help me turn at the right of the door, I will show you into my workshop," said John, as Butch took his arm. The studio was a long narrow room, that had been built as an addition to the little house. It was filled with the delicate statuettes that John had modeled so beautifully but had failed to sell.

"Joe, keep an eye on the highway there! I sure hates to butt in on yah like this, stranger, but . . . Oh, excuse me, Ma'am," said Butch, as Mary Hampden came into the room. Mary barely glanced at the rough stranger who held her husband's arm—her eyes went right to John's. "Oh!" she cried, and ran to him.

"Git outa here, yah clumsy ox," muttered Butch to Mike, who had followed his chief, automatic in hand. Silently the men from Monterey tip-toed out of the little studio. "Walk easy, for the love o' Pete," said Butch, "can't yah see them art things is breakable? D'yah wanta have to buy out the store by knockin' everything over?" he asked.

In the living room Joe stood peering out into the dusk at the highway. Little Jane stood timidly behind him. She was a pretty child, with large, frightened eyes.

"Seen anythin' of Heinie's gang,

yet?" asked Butch.

"Not yet," said Joe, "what're yah gonna do, Boss, get 'em from here?"

"My Gawd," returned Butch, "why I ever picked ignerant guys like you is beyond me! Aintcha got no sense of etiquette? That guy in there wasn't lyin', he ain't no plant. We gotta get outa here. Say, how much dough have you guys got on yah? Shell it out. Put it in that there jug. C'mon, all of it! We kin get plenty more." Butch himself pulled cut a roll that was so large he had difficulty extracting it. He deposited it with the others.

"When . . . er . . . when yer folks come outa the kitchen, kid, you tell 'em we wants to buy a carload of them little statchoos. We're payin' for 'em in advance, see?" said Butch.

Little Jane, who knew what a poor business man her Daddy was, plucked up enough courage to ask, "Where shall I have father send them?"

Butch hesitated at the door. "Tell him to . . . to send them to Heinie, with love and kisses from Butch!"

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CEREBRAL NUDES

LINCOLN STEFFENS

Speaking of Nudists: The other day a lady stopped me on the Avenue and deliberately stripped herself naked. Not physically, of course. Her exposure was mental, moral, and unconscious. Indeed it was my character, not hers that she thought she was laying bare. But the words she used, the gestures, the looks—to any casual reader of modern psychology, her raging description of me expressed the lady rather than—or, anyhow, as well as me.

Now, this is a common experience. Others have it, as I do, and enjoy it as much. Dr. Aldrich, the smiling psychologist, used to invite criticism of himself, me, of anybody else just to watch our nudists take off their clothes and lay themselves wide open to his naked gaze. And he would drop in on me afterwards to share the obscenities he got. I practised the method in the old days of my muck-raking. Wishing, professionally, to size up someone I had to write about, I would ask the subject to describe some other man or woman, and then note his comments always as keys to the portrait painter.

"Money" that's all he's after, always money," would come about anybody from a critic whose own motivation was money.

"Ambitious he is, forever climbing," was the summary of a climber.

But that was in olden days, when I was a worker at work. Now it's a sport, and I play a lighter game that reaches into sex, religion, art as well as politics and gossip. I do say things that are just a little unusual, then go around and pick up the beastly insight that disclothes my nudist neighbors and show some of them to be as ugly spiritually as they would look physically naked.

It's nudism, sure. It's lazy, amusing, indelicate, rude. One can't help wondering why some shameless people do not affect more modesty, more decency. And, honestly, why don't respectable people keep their shirts on? They can't. Self-exposure is as common as it was before the psychologist discovered and gave it away.

But what I set out to say is that this is the only form of nudism that I have ever seen or heard of in our otherwise respectable village.

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THE WHITE SHADOWS

By David Alberts and Fredrick O'Brien

That dear departed soul, Frederick O'Brien, in "The Mystic Isles" relates this incident.

Suddenly we heard the marine-bell tolling. The band leader climbed upon the roof of the kiosk, descended and gave a vigorous beat upon the air for "the Marseillaise" which must end all concerts.

It was quickly over, and seizing the flambeaux, all rushed from the Place du Gouvernement lighting the way of the terrorite, now more furious even than planned. The band struck up "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night." The drum and bugle made war-like notes, and down the Rue de Rivoli we went madly toward the conflagration.

After a mile we came to the fire, a Chinese restaurant beside a little creek and a cocoanut grove. The roof had fallen in, and two men with quart cans threw water from the stream on the edge of the blaze. The little hose-cart arrived with eclat, native gendarmes clearing the road and shouting the danger of death by these formidable engines. They were of no purpose, the water-taps, conspicuous in the main streets were absent here and no water under pressure was available. They knew this, of course, but the hose was unreeled, and a dozen people tripped up by its snake-like movements, the while bandsmen and

gendarmes roared out manoeuvers. *But if they only knew—*

Woo-ook-ee (continue one for 10 seconds, then proceed) ooh-ow (Repeat entire process, then continue)! Following which a great chorus of similar, but less gruesome sounds move in a certain direction, as ten thousand dollars worth of fire equipment, twenty firemen, forty dogs and some eight hundred of the proletariat advance toward the fire.

Progress is rapid on such occasions and the procession—floats, men and animals—arrive. Where? At a fence! The fence paralleling an imaginary line known as "the city limits" presents a unsurmountable barrier, impeding further progress toward the burning home which happens to be just on the other side.

Therefore, without delay floats, men and animals turn about (the floats in great haste) to ruch back to the fire-house that all might be in readiness for the next siren shriek two or three months later—*Ah, Frederick, you too saw—saw in ourselves what we find in them —saw the dark spots of the whites.*

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FOURTH GOLDFISH

By Bob Ritchie

Three singularly ineffectual goldfish live in the sitz-bath fountain bowl which is the high point of landscape engineering in Carmel's Central Park. They are dirty and undistinguished goldfish. They are goldfish without pride of ancestry and—living as they do under conditions of pitiless publicity—with no hope of posterity. No hope, that is, unless I greatly misjudge goldfish modesty.

Yet, happy, happy goldfish, you are the three supremely fortunate vertebrates in Carmel!

How gladly would I shed collar, socks, shorts, metamorphose my poison oak rash into scales and join you to make a foursome in the mud!

You go round and round in your little cement tub and get nowhere. I have been round and round a larger tub, have made a great whoop-hurrah about it—and achieved exactly your minus quantity of destination. To be sure, it has taken me longer to make the footless circumnavigations; so much the greater fool I.

You do not pass your dreams through a Freudian spectroscope and get the spiritual horrors to discover how dirty they are.

You do not fret yourself into a mental St. Vitus smothering your natural animal reflexes with something your ancestors erected for a totem and called Conscience.

My God! little dusty, disreputable goldfish, you never break out with complexes, repressions, escapes—all that psychological woodcreepy—which lead you to believe some ancestor of yours was burned for a nameless crime.

Move over, sweet pets! Here comes Bob Ritchie.

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I'LL BITE, TOO

By Bela Spring

For the duration of the crop. The crimes on the police blotter (Chelsa) in Soviet Russia at present are listed as "counter-revolutionary plot", "sabotage"—"insubordination." But the real crime may be striking for 40 cents a day (not 40 cents an hour) when one has been paid 30— Of course wages of 300 roubles a month doesn't sound like that, but the actual purchasing power of a rouble today is $.03 (It takes 12 dollars to purchase a pound of butter in Soviet Russia.) unless you are an accredited member of the Communist party. How long would a strike last in Moscow?

Or the crime may be a mere objection to working on a "collective" farm in the blistering sun for ten hours a day. For thirty cents and a meal of dry fish and cabbage soup. Try it, Bob.

Or the crime may be objecting to working in the snow in a lumber camp in Siberia all day—perhaps 17 hours or until the alloted work is done. Then you get your pay. Bob got "fired" in California, U. S. A. because he wasn't fast enough.

For picketing in Soviet Russia he would have possibly been thrown into a filthy jail. There are no jails in the length or breadth of the State of California to compare with a Russian jail under the Soviet. Even many of the former hotels are neglected and filthy. The waiters left over from a former regime of civilization and culture apologize to American tourists, "This hotel is not fit for animals to live in!"

Bob would not stop long in jail. No, he would be shot quietly, without trial with his fellow strikers, or sent to a Siberian lumber camp, from whence no one returns.

There would be no ladies to ask question or espouse his cause—no fellow-workers who would dare to sympathize.

So one can argue about the violence of San Jose, California policemen and the profanity of deputy sheriffs, in ignorance of facts.

This is not propaganda, not preaching at the Communist flag (the red rag symbolizing blood—and death to culture and tradition the world over).

This is not overthrowing Soviet Russia institutions. It is a recital of facts of Russian life in the Soviet Union in 1933.

Yet they see red when you recite these facts.

I'll bite.

—Colonel Ilya Jadovsky

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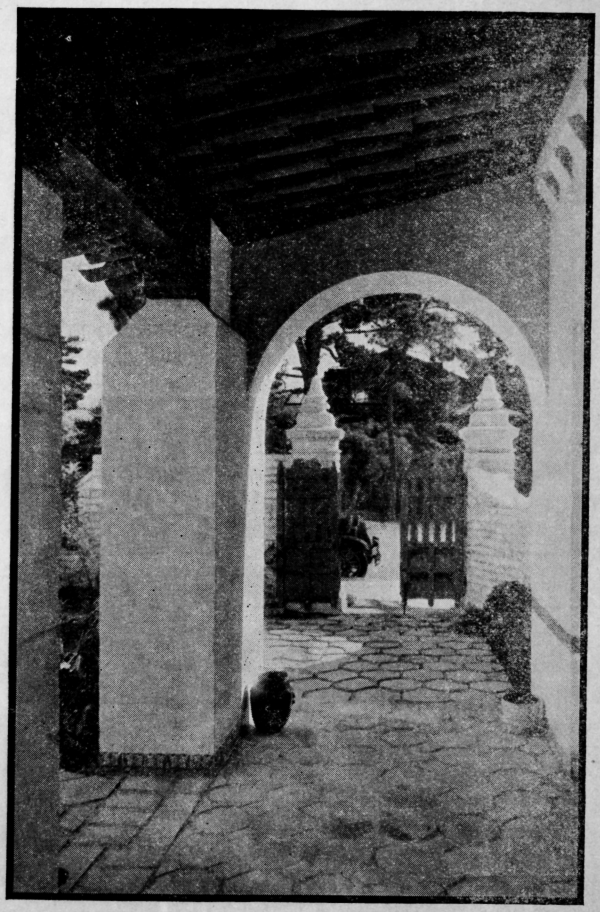

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TOO ODDLY

By Ross Cowen

'Tis odd. I wonder why—Mr. Handley of M. J. Murphy, Inc., is the most pleasant man I have ever done business with in Carmel, and Peter Burk of the Carmel Drug (not adv.) the most unpleasant. Other heels include John Jordan, Rannie Cockburn and Bunch of the Sun.

I wonder why—John P. Middlesworth should be in the Foreign Legion, or some other Far Away place. I wonder why—Steffie likes to be insulted and Fannie Cockburn doesn't know when he is being insulted. I wonder why—Milne wrote Marion Todd's lines in the "Ivory Door." Why O'Crotty wanted to run "Objects of Art" in this issue—or any issue. I wonder why—with all my versatility, ability, magnetic personality, my terriffic stage equilibrium, my impressive manner, my elocution, the power and beauty of my voice, that truly excellent walk of mine, my sex appeal, to say nothing of my thespianism some big producer hasn't picked me up before now. Oh well, we can't have everything. I wonder why.

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MUITSAI

By E. T. H. Bunje

We were discussing fortitude in the present day female, fortitude of the Philip Sydney variety. Our minds ranged from peasant to princess, Nome to Miami, Madrid to Moscow. We considered every type and race, and the results were meagre.

Doc. Williams, a taciturn man as a rule, removed the pipe from his lips, seemed to collect his thoughts and commenced: You've heard of my brother Thomas who runs a missionary clinic at Sheklung in South China. I was over there last year during the rainy season. It had poured steadily for weeks. At last part of the city wall gave way and buried a street of small houses. I happened to be helping Thomas when the first cases arrived, among them a Muitsai.

She was only a bit of a thing, a drop in the vast sea of China's down-trodden millions, yet what a world of devotion, what almost super-human endurance to pain and suffering spoke in her puckered up little face. "Gnawti sree nye sien, sree nye sien." (my mistress first, O mistress first), she breathed and, in obedience to that whispered wish, we turned to the screaming woman on the next stretcher. Thomas ran a skilled hand over her leg and disagnosed a compound femoral fracture. We chloroformed her and began setting the broken limb in plaster of paris. We worked quickly, for further victims from the collapse were being carried in. The eyes of the child watched us wistfully, painfully and seemed to thank us when we had finished.

Then we examined the tiny slave girl and I shook my head. Her ribs were badly crushed. In a little while she expired before our eyes.

The woman with the broken leg came to and cried for water: "Ahsay, Ahsay, where are you? Bring me water or you'll catch it." Thomas told her to stop her noise and informed her of the death of her maid. "Damn that girl," was all she said—and after a while: "That's just like her. Now I'll have to buy another Muitsai."

Lavender and Lace

Lingerie, Hosiery and Underthings
In the Little Cabin on Dolores St., Between Ocean and Seventh

California Andrews

AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM

By
Peter O'Crotty

The scene is laid in the bedroom, or perhaps it would be more delicate to say bedchamber, of a young girl, in a castle, in Spain. It is a well furnished bedchamber and it has a great canopied bed, the kind with heavy dark red hangings that can be drawn together, enclosing the bed and its occupants; or rather occupant, for after all, it is the bed as before stated, of a young and very beautiful, black haired girl. There is the customary balcony outside with plenty of strong, thick ivy, all of which makes for very easy climbing. The time is late in the evening, and there has been a ball in honor of the handsome young Duke of Seville who has been visiting nearby with his friend, Don Esteban, who is, in company with all the other young men in the neighborhood, in love with the beautiful, dark-haired, young girl. . . . but let the curtain rise!

(As the curtain rises, the stage is empty, and the strains of the orchestra carries the melody of a waltz to the audience. It is a good waltz and the door opens and the black haired Dolores enters; she dances to it for a moment before her mother comes in.)

DOLORES: Lal; la la, la la, la la la!

MADRE: Come now, there's enough of that lalila-ing. Its time you were in bed. Had it not been for the Duke, I would have sent you off long ago.

DOLORES: The Duke, THE DUKE! all I have heard this evening has been the Duke. I don't think he is so wonderful. I think he's conceited. No one should have so much made of him. Besides, he only danced with me twice.

MADRE: He danced no more than twice with any of the others. But he is such a gentleman, such manners, such grace, such aplomb! He sat with me during the schottisch. Such wit, so learned, so—o thoughtful!

DOLORES: So—o pfuff! I think you are in love with him yourself. Here, help me get out of this. Esteban is worth six Dukes of Seville. He's no popinjay.

MADRE: He is the son of a Horse Doctor. You might just as well put your precious Esteban out of your head. Never will I have for a son-in-law the son of a Horse Doctor.

DOLORES: But mother, he has plenty of money. He goes everywhere. He is accepted by everyone.

MADRE: But not by me. If it were the Duke, ah, if it WERE the DUKE! But I suppose that is flying too high.

They say he is engaged to royalty.

DOLORES: For a footman, I'll bet. Have you seen my pink peignor anywhere? I'm sure I put in in the drawer yesterday.

MADRE: I borrowed it my dear, I knew you wouldn't mind. I'll get it for you. Its in my room.

DOLORES: I'll come with you. Maybe that's where my bottle of Coty's is, too. (They exit together. For a moment the stage is quiet and then there is a rustling outside in the Ivy. A handsome youth is seen climbing over the balcony railing. He opens one of the French doors and cautiously peeps in. He then turns and gives a hand to another fellow. The second porch climber is obviously hesitant about entering such sacred precincts but the first lad has an air of having been in similar surroundings before).

ESTEBAN: For the love of heaven, what mad idea is this. God help me if anyone should come.

DUKE: Don't bother God, my friend, I am here. Hum, not a bad bedroom, as bedrooms go, is it. I don't care for that picture there, but then, one can't have everything. Can one?

ESTEBAN: What ill timed levity. Tell me what I am supposed to do. This will ruin me. Some one will come. Oh, I just know someone will come!

DUKE: If they don't I will be mightily disappointed. Stop that everlasting whining and tell me, is that the only door that enters this delightful spot?

ESTEBAN: I—I think so. Oh, why did I ever think of sending for you. They will find out that you are not a Duke and then where will I be? Oh, oh!

DUKE: By that time, Esteban, my friend, you will be quite happily married to your Dolores and I shall be spending my thousand in Seville. Now listen carefully and do as I say. You go back down the Ivy and tell them that I have gone home ahead of you . . .

ESTEBAN: And leave you HERE, alone, Oh, my God, No, a thousand times no!

DUKE: Do you want to marry Dolores with the full permission of her family or don't you? Answer me that.

ESTEBAN: Oh, I do, I do, but we will all be ruined.

DUKE: Not all of us, my friend, now you go below to those oafs and tell them of the other exploits of your friend the Duke of Seville, formerly your penniless friend of the artists garrets. Quick, I think I hear someone coming. (At this Esteban makes all haste to get out and Esteban conceals himself in the draperies. Dolores and her mother re-enter).

MADRE: And perhaps if it were pointed out to the Duke that you will have one of the largest dowry's in the province, he might consider.

DOLORES: No I tell you. I don't care what the Duke might consider. I wouldn't have him if he were the King of Spain. If I can't marry Esteban I won't marry anybody. I'll go into a convent and have all my hair cut off!

(The Duke can be seen by the audience and he is seen to shake his head in a serio-comic manner).

MADRE: Nonsense, my daughter, a girl like you is not for the convent. I think you will have a change of heart after his Grace has been here for a while.

DOLORES: For a while, is he staying?

MADRE: Certainly, in the morning I will impress it upon him that he is to remain indefinitely. Such a man, such eyes, such carriage . . .

DOLORES: Such an Ass. Do be still, do you think I wish to have nothing but praises of this Seville fop sung in my ears. Even if he is a friend of my Esteban, I think him a conceited jackanapes. Please go to bed, mother, I'm frightfully tired. I don't know if I

can stand having him around indefinitely. Good night, there's a dear.
MADRE: (Going) Well, mark my words, there'll be a time when you will be sorry you didn't jump at the chance I am offering you. Good night.
DOLORES: Good night.(As the door closes the Duke also says, sotto voce).
DUKE: Good night!
DOLORES: (Jumping up and quickly wrapping what little she has on around her) Who is that!
DUKE:(Stepping out from the drapes) Senorita, at your service!
DOLORES: Sir! How . . .
DUKE:(Yawning politely) Oh, please, I pray you, don't ask me how dare I. Is it not sufficient that I dared? You are rather attractive at that.
DOLORES: Oh, I am, am I. And should I thank you?
DUKE: Not now, not now.
DOLORES: Sir, if you do not leave my room at once, I will scream.
DUKE: A little later, if you please, I have something I must tell you. Won't you sit down?
DOLORES: You must be quite mad, or drunk . . .
DUKE: Drunk, if you will. Drunk with the divine beauty of your . . . eyes, your . . er . . hair . . your . . . but please, sit down and let me tell you all about it. Its frightfully hard making love to a girl who will not even sit down.
DOLORES: (Sitting gingerly upon the edge of the bed) Then you wish to make love to me. Why didn't you say so before?
DUKE: Dear lady, you anticipate me. Let yourself become quite friendly. I assure upon my word as a gentleman, no harm shall befall you. I am doing you a favor.
DOLORES: (Jumping to her feet) A favor? Why . . .
DUKE: (Taking her gently by the shoulders and pressing her to her seat) Please, please, let me explain myself.
DOLORES: You'd better.
DUKE: (Seating himself beside her). You see, its like this.
DOLORES: Yes?
DUKE: I am not a Duke.
DOLORES: No?
DUKE: No, I mean that is, please don't interrupt me.
DOLORES: I wasn't interrupting you. I was looking at your hair. What makes it blond?
DUKE: Dear lady, if you must get off the subject, how can I . .
DOLORES: All right, but I still think its funny for a Spaniard to have such light hair. So you're not a Duke. I must say thats a relief. Mother can't hold that up to me anymore.
DUKE: No she can't can she. You see, Esteban sent for me. We were at school together and he often helped me out in pecuniary matters.
DOLORES: You mean he lent you money? Has your nose been broken?
DUKE: Yes, I mean no. Please don't be irrelevant. Yes, he lent me money and no, my nose has not been broken, its just been bent.
DOLORES: Oh!
DUKE: So Esteban, knowing that I would not fail an old comrade, wrote to me and told me all about you.
DOLORES: He did? What did he say?
DUKE: About twenty closely written pages. Most of it was right, but don't hurry me. He told me that your family liked him well enough but because his father had been a Horse Doctor that his social prestige was not sufficient, regardless of his wealth.
DOLORES: Quite right. Tell me, are the girls pretty in Seville?
DUKE: None so fair as you, dear lady, but where was I?
DOLORES: You were at the Horse Doctor part.
DUKE: Oh yes. So I told him to tell your family that the young Duke of Seville was coming down for a

visit and to send me a hundred for expense money. I arrived and found this ball being held in my honor. I thought, of course, that Esteban was off his nut about some buxom country wench and that I might be able to talk her parents into permitting the match.
DOLORES: Oh you did, did you. A buxom country wench, indeed!
DUKE: But I assure you, the minute I laid eyes on you I perceived I had been in error. Here, I said to myself, is no ordinary girl and this is no ordinary situation. It must be handled in an extraordinary way.
DOLORES: You said that to yourself, did you?
DUKE: Yes, you see at first I came largely because I needed the thousand that Esteban promised me, but now I realize how little money means, after all.
DOLORES: Oh, then it is not money that you're after?
DUKE: Ah, dear lady, all the money in the world could not tempt me to abandon good old Esteban just now. I say, its draughty in here, isn't it. D'you mind if I draw these curtains?
DOLORES: Not at all, I was going to suggest it myself. (They are drawn, the audience can see considerably less of the two now).
DUKE: While dancing I thought of a plan. I dared not tell Esteban of it for fear he might demurr. I had him show me the entrance to your apartment and told him to leave the rest to me
DOLORES: And he did?
DUKE: It rather looks that way, doesn't it? (They both laugh and there is a slight silence. The audience is in doubt and darkness).
DUKE: Esteban's a lucky dog. (He sighs).
DOLORES: Do you really think so?
DUKE: I know it! (They both sigh).
DUKE: After a time, you must scream.
DOLORES: After a time? (This time the audience sighs).
DUKE: Yes, and you must never tell what really happened. This is the only way. For Esteban's sake.
DOLORES: I suppose it is, but what will Esteban say?
DUKE: Oh, he'll believe whatever you tell him. Any man would.
DOLORES: Would you?
DUKE: I . . . er hadn't you better scream now?
DOLORES: Well, If you think so. But its rather nice being here alone with you.
DUKE: I am honored. But if you don't scream now, perhaps they won't hear you. And then they'll go to bed.
DOLORES: Would you mind?
DUKE: Would I . . . But think of Esteban.
DOLORES: Yes, I suppose we must think of Esteban. Do you think your plan will work?

DUKE: I'd stake my reputation on it.
DOLORES: (Provokingly) Have you one?
DUKE: Not any more . . . (There is quite a silence and then a piercing scream rings out. The curtains are drawn back and Dolores lies disheveled upon the bed).
DUKE: "Parting is such sweet sorrow," ah, how the poet little realized the suitability of that remark. May I kiss you once more? (He does and then once again as he murmurs, "For Esteban." She smiles up at him and replies "For Esteban." The Duke opens the casement window.
DUKE: Er . . . would you mind opening your negligee just a little there at the throat. I think I hear them coming, but perhaps you'd better scream again before you faint.
DOLORES: Help, O O O O! (The door crashes in, everyone arrives, no

one is more horrified or surprised than Esteban. The Duke daws his sword and holds them back as he stands in the window).

MADRE: Holy Mary, what has happened. Dolores, Oh, I see it all. (She turns to the Duke). What have you done? Of my daughter you have made . . .

DUKE: . . . a lady! With an appreciation for a gentleman. Only a hypocrite would say he was sorry madam. And hypocrisy is not one of my sins. I can only say to you that I regret I cannot stay to right this wrong but I suggest a way out, (close your mouth Esteban, don't stand there gaping like a fish) as I was saying, a wrong must be righted and my suggestion is . . . Esteban! (As he disappears out of the window and before the clamor arises from the astonished household, there is a faint murmur from the lips of the prostrate princess, she says, very softly, "Esteban!"

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AMACO

Martin Flavin's play suffered from only one defect, and on an amateur stage, that defect is quite pardonable, but let's don't have it again . . . those terribly long waits between scenes. Other than that, Ted Koster showed himself a producer in no way amateur. His actors seemingly lived their parts. Victor Kearney, Dave Matske, Nestor Paiva, all of them, came through splendidly. But the lads that pinched the big scenes were Albert Van Houtte, and Fred Robbins. One of the best character bits seen in any show, was that portrayal of *Peters*, the bankrupt manufacturer, by Mr. Robbins. The Ballyhoo that preceded the show was in exceptionally bad taste, as even the stupidest Villager, (not necessarily Cowen) knew that Flavin couldn't possibly fly from Germany to Carmel, even for an alleged premiere of his own play. A cabbage, therefore to El Cerwin for screwing pro bono publico.

Vince Keating

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A LETTER

July 31st, 1933

Most Illustrious, Valorous
and Puissant Knight Errant,
Sir Launcelot Gobbo Cowen,
who doth abide in ye Village
of Ca(r)melot By Ye Ocean.

Greetings, Good Knight.

Albeit I must needs toil, aye mightily, to procure gold and siller wherewith I may compass victuals, even so, I am heedful of ye promise I made unto ye editor to provide diverse rhymes with which merrily to regale and cause rejoicing among ye flower of local chivalry.

Now in very sooth, this day did I retire to a cloistered nook beneath my battlements and perform prodigious labors and accomplish prodigies of literary prowess, which scrivening, with sundry other parchments from my archives of unchronicled song, I send thee with this miserve by courier.

Methinks thou mightest impress one of these sweet songs in *Ye Villager*, or maybap if thou givest a damn for them to run sundry verses under ye heading, *Ballads to Books and Baggage and Booze*, or, pritbee, ye title: *A Booklover's Ballads*, or, odd's blood! cast all ye entire scrolls into ye ahungered maw of ye gawdam waste-basket and thus depriveth ye various and good sir knights and fair ladies of Ca(r)melot of being regaled with a feast of sumptuous foods for thought.

Verily, I hope *Ye Villager* doth bring thee and Sir Knight O'Cherry guerdons o' siller dollars and two-bit pieces.

When thou farest forth with thy squire into the provinces commend me privily to ye ladies, but eschew thyself of base hippogriffes, cruel dragons and wiley enchantors.

And now, Good Night,

I will run,

Tom Thumbo

P. S. When thou art in a way to give aught of pelf for verses I will commend my cousin Geoffry Chaucer to indite some winsome tayles of Canterbury for *Ye Villager*. A murrain should seize all poetasters of lesser worth than Geoff.

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CARMEL'S DRAMATIC VEHICLES

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Adding to a lifetime of laurels, George Marion, one actor who at least comes up to a press agents billing, merited the term, "America's most distinguished actor," in his role of *Shylock* in the "Merchant of Venice."

The Forest Theater put on a production that sets a new high for them. For once the pictorial setting did not carry the show alone. The entire cast, even the torch bearers, seemed inspired by Mr. Marion. It must have been a delight to Gratiano Heron's heart to see his Shakespeare so well enacted. Eugene A. H. Watson, Lloyd Wells, Ross Cowen, were three actors who didn't appear to be acting, in the usual amateur sense, but the real star of the show, other than Mr. Marion, was Yvonne Castle, who played Portia. All in all, if the Forest Theater association can give us an interesting production of "The Pirates of Penzance," we will get our money's worth.

Preston Morris

IVORY DOOR

By Wm. Dare Cooke

The most we can say of the "Ivory Door" is that we wish the Forest Theater would confine their work more to this type of play. Both the play itself and the way in which it was put on are a credit to the writer, the actors, the director and to the Forest Theater.

Herbert Heron deserves much praise for his choice of such a pictorial, yet modern vehicle.

Although a fantasy the play was filled with modern lines and humor in a thoroughly enjoyable arrangement with a reasonably good plot as a background.

One part of the play which was both unusual and worthy of note was the excellence of the lead. It is hard to place credit on any particular parts although it is a certainty that the youngsters in the first scene stole that part of the show. And we have heard from many sources that Gene Watson stole the rest of the show. Much as it hurts us we must also give Ross Cowen credit for a very good performance even if it was not up to his usual standards.

Credit for the best line in the show goes to Marion Todd in her last scene both for the cleverness of the line and the excellence of execution.

Russian Tea Shop

—Colonel Ilya Jadovskoy.

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THE POET AND THE CYNIC

By **E. T. H. Bunje**

Beside a woodland stream slept a poet and near him lay a pad with these lines:

Oh, see the fish leap from the waves!
'Tis their attempt to reach the skies—

A passing cynic spied the writing and added this:

No, 'tis not that, the slimy Knaves
But jump to catch the filthy flies!

CARMEL'S NEW ART

Exhibiting a new art in the long list of Carmel's many artistic ventures, Miss Florence Terry, who has a temporary exhibition in the Leidig building on Dolores street, is showing pottery flowers that are attracting much comment. The materials for these pieces are gathered from all parts of the world. Miss Terry welcomes visitors.

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I dream of you,
In rich brocade.
Pearls dripping from your raven hair.
Your slender throat,
In gems arrayed.
Your feet,
In gold wrought sandals rare.
I see you on a stately throne,
Slaves to obey your wishes.
Tis thus I dream of you my own,
The while I watch you—
Washing dishes.

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A Short History of Nudism

By Masten

Although sporadic outbursts of nudism, particularly among new born babies, are said to have occurred in all districts of America except Puritan New England as early as the seventeenth century, it is claimed by such authorities as Baer of Germany, Pantzoff the Dukhoubor and O'Look the eminent Irish enthusiast, that not till 1929 did true nudism reach the United States, when it entered by way of Wall Street.

The German Influence

It came from Germany, where the German people, having lost their shirts at Versailles and mistrusting their French neighbors, proceeded with Teutonic thoroughness to get down to things that couldn't be taken away from them. It was not, however, till the monetary mark had vanished that the birthmark appeared.

The Nude Deal

In 1929 America witnessed the Nude Deal and the future of nudism in this country seemed assured. In 1933, however, there was a reversion, the Nude Deal gave way to the New Deal, and blanket agreements were dragged out to cover the shivering populace.

Conclusion

What tomorrow will reveal remains to be seen. It is not the purpose of this writer to prognosticate, nor does he propose to take sides in the nudist controversy. The effect of the movement upon our illusions and our inhibitions, and the fact that most people just aren't built for nudism have no place in the present article. We simply wish to report things as we see them, and will watch with interest whatever the future may bare.

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Subject: *The Villager*

P. O. Box 300,
Carmel, California
August 16, 1933

Mr. Peter O'Crotty,
Sir:

If you MUST dabble with the Four Arts, why not concentrate on one; the stage.

My reasons for asking this boon, are two:

1. The audience could always grit their teeth and bear with your few minutes on the stage, then you would be gone and quickly forgotten. ("FEW" must be interpreted as meaning not more than three minutes).

2. There are a great many people, unlike myself, who would have neither the time nor the energy to burn each and every copy of *The Villager* they could lay their hands on. Then too, the odor from a burning *Villager,* is foul and repelling.

O'Crotty, for the sake of the home and the little ones, wilt thou not grant this boon.

On bended knee,
L. Capistrano.
(D. W. Starrett)

P. S. Your brown suit was one of the highlights in Amaco.

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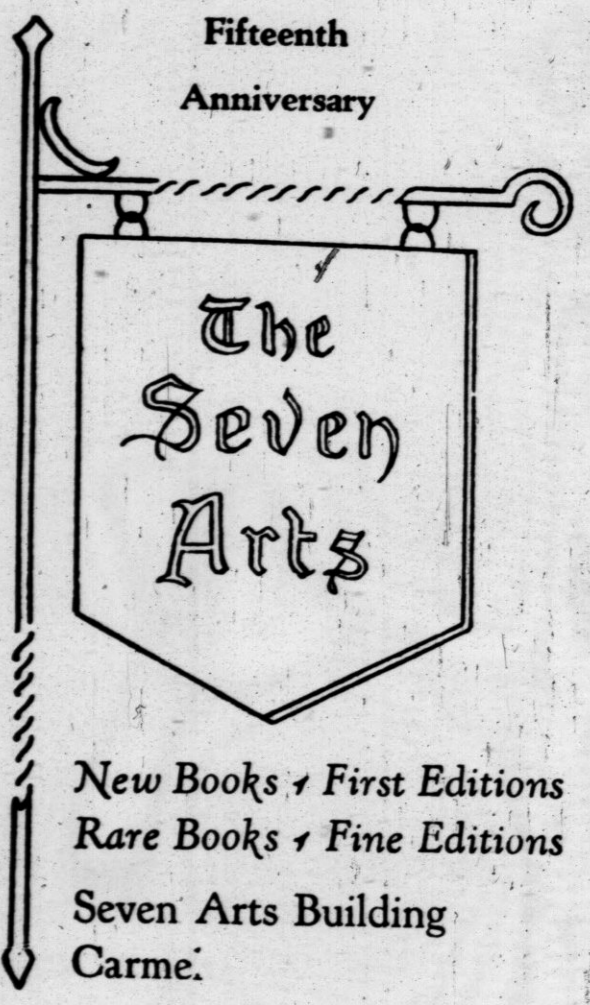

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UNDATED DIVORCE *By Hal Garrott*

The notorious millionaire Abe Mugwing had retired to devote the balance of his life to keeping the world informed about himself. When he visited Carmel no one was aware of his presence, and he departed vowing he'd get even with the snooty villagers. Confidential agents drifted into town and took up residence. An election was held, and the city council became the property of Abe Mugwing.

Appearing before his council, Abe announced he was presenting the village with a monument at the top of Ocean Avenue hill. The project was approved without any plans, and building began. When the structure had risen some 300 feet, Carmelites identified it as a

colossal mug with wings attached. Because of the crystal foam bubbling over the top and because Abe was a Jew, some called it a stein. Others "a schooner of suds." Its corner stone bore the legend: "Nuff said."

The Mug's interior provided an orchestra hall for the Carmel Music Society. Upper floors were divided into theatres to accommodate the growing number of local producers. On top were the donor's living quarters. Mugwing had become a household word even in Carmel. Daily its owner

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repeated: "My cup runneth over with goodness"—and meant it.

But one morning his peace was threatened by a wire from a rival. "Better watch out, you beast," it ran. "What do you mean by stealing my publicity? Aymee." Abe believed in winning over his enemies, so he answered. "Come to the Mug for the weekend and talk it over."

It was moonlight. They were sitting on the suds 300 feet above the hilltop. "Aymee," Abe was saying in husky tones, "you are —ah—for the moment husbandless—" Aymee nodded and nestled closer. "Then why not marry me and keep the publicity in the family?"

Aymee had given herself to men before and did not wish to yield too readily. "On one condition, Abe," she murmured. "With all your money you can do anything —anything. I want you to get me an undated divorce. I can fill in the date when the honeymoon—(I mean the publicity)—is over—"

"Darling—"

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Life, you are a fickle lover . . .
I close my ears to your blandiloquence,
seeing all about me,
poor broken victims of your lovely
luring lies.

Altho you clasp me now
in tender ardor,
I know that having had your way
with me
you will be gone
to blind with glittering, tinseled gifts
another's eyes . . . .

So, Life, I thumb my nose at you . . .
and wait now for your rival, Death . . .
with whom I shall betray you.

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IN THIS ISSUE

Colonel Ilya Jadovskoy, white Russian, who takes exception to *Red Ella Winter*: *Professor E. T. H. Bunje* of the University of California who has spent many years in China: *Bob Ritchie*, who so nicely edited the Peninsula Herald while *Allen Griffin* was away: *Dick Masten*, the playwright who gives a nifty history of Nudism: *Hal Garrott*, once a concert pianist and now an ex-publisher: *Sibyl Leonard*, a fine actress and poetess: *David Alberto*, who collaborates with *Frederick O'Brien* this time: *Ruth Norris Thompson*, always as pretty as her pretty daughters, and another poetess for this issue: *Lincoln Steffens*, who can write on any subject on earth, and who gives us the lowdown on Mental Nudism: young *Rosslyn P. Cowen*, who takes his pen in hand as is his perogative, and last, but alas, not least, *Peter O'Crotty*, who has found something to do with his junk that other publishers won't have around. P. S. We almost left out *Bert Heron*, who resigns from the editorial board in a lovely lavender manner, and good old *J. Whistlebritches Whortlebottom*. The woodcuts illustrating all the articles, as well as the newly designed front cover, are by *Stanley Wood*, Carmel's only Artist-Tennis Champion.

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